# From LOUISVILLE To the SEA

## A Soldier's Diary of the Civil War.

By LYMAN D. WIDNEY, 34th Ill.



INTRODUCTION.

If there is any merit in these pages it will be found in the faithful and exact record of such events as came within the writer's observation, his entries having been made usually at the close of the day—very few later than the following morning. In this way many details have been preserved that would otherwise have passed into oblivion. Unimportant as many occurrences appeared at the time, their recital now adds interest to the great events of the war, as seasoning adds flavor to our food. The personality of the writer is of little interest to the reader, so his individual experience is only given when it serves to illustrate that of his comrades. As for opinions and criticisms, only such are recorded as give expression to the sentiments prevailing in the ranks.

CATCHING THE WAR FEVER.

When the first gun of the civil war was fired at Fort Sumter, and President Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers to serve three months, we did not respond.

We—a thousand in number, mostly boys, living on farms and in country towns in Northern Illinois—believed that 75,000 men could suppress the rebellion in 90 days; but we were destined to form a regiment and march from Louisville to the sea, and from the sea to Richmond, watering the soil of seven Southern States with our blood, before the end of the rebellion. Nor did we respond to the second call for volunteers, in May, 1861, but continued our peaceful duties, while a grand army was organizing at Washington to capture Richmond.

In the midst of our harvest duties, while many of us were gathering the golden grain, came the shock which was to change the course of our lives. The first blast of war had dissipated our magnificent army at Bull Run and converted it into a demoralized crowd of fugitives. Fancy pictured to our alarmed imaginations Washington at the mercy of the enemy and our own State open to invasion by our Southern neighbors, Kentucky and Missouri.

To organize Home Guards for the defense of our State was our first determination, and soon the fife and drum could be heard, far and near, giving cadence to the step of the would-be soldiers, arrayed in all the glory of red, white and blue cotton uniforms.

There was another call by the President for volunteers to serve three years or during the war, and the real work of recruiting now began. Volunteers under this call soon presented themselves to replace the three-months men who were returning home.

The Confederates made no advance, and confidence was soon restored at Washington by the arrival of fresh troops and a thorough reorganization of the shattered army by Gen. McClellan. The rout at Bull Run was now seen to have been caused by a silly panic, and the entire North smarted with the desire to retrieve the disgrace of that day.

The newspapers published appeals for volunteers. Orators spoke words of patriotic eloquence. Churches resounded with martial music and ministers pleaded from pulpits that were draped in the National colors. Picnics were held in rapid succession throughout the county, and companies of Home Guards were the honored guests. We were kept in a whirl of excitement, attending these picnics and meetings in neighboring towns and country places. Farm life became monotonous drudgery. A desire began to grow on us to go out into the broad land, surrounded with all the inspiring and dazzling accompaniments of holiday soldiers, where every step would be heralded in the newspapers and recorded in history.

The alacrity of the North in responding to the call for volunteers led us to believe that our forces would certainly prove to be irresistible in point of numbers, while, joined to this attractive view in our minds was the prompting of patriotism in our hearts, sufficient to overcome the fear of danger.

We began to discuss enlistment for the war. Our Captain strongly urged it. "What will you do with yourselves when all the brave men go to war? Do you want to stay at home and be clodhoppers, while others are getting free rides over the country, free rations, free clothing, good wages, lots of fun, and just enough danger to make your life interesting?"

JOINING THE ARMY.

At length we decided to disband our company of Home Guards and enlist for the war. This is how it came about: A picnic was held in the woods near our homes, to secure recruits for a company being formed for service in the field. Our company marched upon the grounds with fife and drum, and with admiring maidens sitting beside us we listened to the most eloquent speakers of the county. A Methodist preacher was the most earnest in his appeal, touching our hearts in the true revival spirit. "Young men," he exclaimed, "go to the front, defend the old flag, preserve our noble Union, conquer peace, and return home to enjoy the fruits of your valor, or fall with your face to the foe and seal your devotion to your country with your blood." An appeal was then made to come forward and enroll our names upon a sheet of paper spread upon the head of a drum. One after another walked up and recorded his name.

The allotted number of 100 was soon afterwards secured, and our preparations began for active service. When formally enrolled and organized, our company was assigned to a regiment known to us as the Rock River Rifle Regiment, which we supposed was to be an independent command, subject only to the orders of its Colonel, and free to dart here and there over the country in a way to astonish the natives. This was one of the first pleasing romances of our military career to be dissipated by stern experience, for, in a short time, we found that our regiment would be known by its number as a part of a vast machine, controlled by a master mind, in which the private soldier would be a unit of so little magnitude that the killing of a dozen or two would scarcely be called a skirmish, while the loss of 1,000 would hardly constitute a battle.

LEAVING HOME.

Orders having been received for our company to join the regiment in Camp Butler, near Springfield, Ill., we assembled at the railroad station early on the morning of Sept. 9, 1861.

All the town people and our friends from the country were present to bid us "God-speed." The train ran many miles before our eyes were clear from the effects of recent parting to observe the passing scenery; but at length our spirits rose, under the inspiration of rapidly-changing scenes, and the novelty of our mission, which promised a world of interesting adventures. Our enthusiasm was not allowed to cool, for at every station men, women and children saluted us with cheers and waving of handkerchiefs. Decatur was reached at nightfall, where our cars were sidetracked for the night with the seats for couches. We found little use for beds, as the mischief of many, and liquor in others, effectually prevented sleeping by the few quietly disposed.

Sept 10, 1861—Morning found us sleepy and impatient to proceed. At 10 o'clock our cars were attached to the Springfield train, and shortly after noon we disembarked at Jimtown, a small station, seven miles from the Capital. Forming in line, we took up our march for Camp Butler, two miles distant, arriving there at 3 p. m., and were assigned to our quarters in tents adjoining those companies of our regiment which had preceded us. We were surprised and delighted to see so large a camp, containing not less than 11,000 men, beautifully situated in a large grove, where the branches so closely interlocked that the sun could scarcely peep through them.

We found our tents ready for us and good blankets for each man. After eating a hearty supper we compared notes and decided that our lines had fallen in pleasant places.

FIRST ENCAMPMENT.

Sept. 11, 1861—After a sound sleep, our first night in camp, we awoke, comfortable and happy, with a keen appetite for breakfast, which consisted of bread, butter, meat, potatoes, coffee and sugar, prepared by a good cook employed by the company.

OFF TO THE WAR.

Home-sickness finds no lodging here. In reply to a question a comrade exclaimed, "Want to go home? No, indeed. You could not drive me away at the point of a bayonet."

Sept. 12, 1861—When our company was notified this morning to get ready for inspection by a Regular mustering officer, preparatory to muster into the United States military service, we began to feel nervous over the possibility of being rejected, and thereby losing the good things in store for Uncle Sam's volunteers. Our hearts were still thumping violently when, later, we stood in line, facing the mustering officer, who, in the full uniform of the Regular service, impressed us with his military bearing, so difficult for us to imitate. When we saw his eye glancing slowly down our line, the tall man on the right imparted a slight tremor to the comrade at his left, and thence with increasing intensity to the tail end of the company, where the youngest and shortest, like myself, trembled with violent agitation.

Beginning at the right, each man was then successively required to step 10 paces to the front, turn to the left and pass to the other end of the line, taking position there, after which we were subjected to an individual inspection, and our description recorded as to age, hight, color of eyes, hair and complexion, and occupation when enlisted. The oath of allegiance was administered and we were dismissed to our quarters as volunteer soldiers.

We trust that the enemy will not scare us as did this officer.

Sept. 13, 1861—The entire camp was ordered out to receive distinguished visitors. When our preparations were completed and we stood in two ranks, swelling with martial pride and trying to look as much like soldiers as was possible for men and boys without guns, and fresh from the farm, store or shop, we heard the trampling of hoofs, and presently our eyes were dazzled by a party of horsemen, who came riding along our front with uncovered heads.

The party consisted of Gov. Yates, ex-Governor Wood, Gen. Hunter, our commander, and Owen Lovejoy, a prominent politician. This being the first assembly of all the troops in this camp, we were very much impressed with the length of our line, and hope that our visitors were equally impressed with the fact that we would look formidable if we only had had the murderous weapons of war in our hands.

SUNDAY IN CAMP.

Sept. 15, 1861—Our first Sunday in camp reminds us that we owe one day to Him who has proclaimed "Peace and good will to men," after spending six in the service of war.

All business was suspended, except one hour of drill in the morning. At 10 o'clock we collected under the trees to hear a sermon by the same Methodist minister whose eloquence proved so effective on that day at the picnic, when many of us first signed our names on the drumhead.

We were wonderfully toned down, after a week of uproar and hilarity, and observed the day in a creditable manner, by singing hymns, or in quiet conversation. Other regiments in camp, we were sorry to note, were not so orderly.

May God grant that the religious influence of our homes will always attend us as it has this day.

Sept. 16, 1861—One of the great events of a young soldier's first experience is the hour when he is invested with gun and bayonet, and the countersign is whispered in his ear, with solemn instructions to pace forward and backward between two given points, guarding with sleepless vigilance against the approach of a stealthy foe, or even a friend who cannot pronounce the mysterious word that alone may prove his pacific intentions.

It was my duty to walk a well-beaten path from midnight until sunrise this morning, weighted with a sense of responsibility that kept my eyes wide open and ears alert for hostile signs or sounds. No Southern spy should cross my beat unobserved, to count the sleeping warriors under my charge, in order to report the secrets of our camp to the enemy.

When the Officer of the Guard directed me to hand my gun and responsibilities over to the sentry appointed to relieve me, a feeling possessed my mind that a month's wages were well earned this night alone.

Sept. 17, 1861—Sickness is increasing to a great extent among the soldiers of this camp, owing to indiscretion in eating fruit and unwholesome pies and cakes, purchased from peddlers.

A number may be seen walking about, looking very weak and thin, entirely unable to perform any duty; consequently they are already discouraged, and may be heard lamenting that the mustering officer did not reject them. It is now too late to reconsider; there is a line of sentinels between them and their homes, whose duty it is to keep the Yankee in as well as to keep the Secessionist out.

Sept. 18, 1861—Camp life has now become a regular routine of duties. First in the morning is "reveille," a beating of drums at 5:30 to awaken the sleepers, when the Orderly-Sergeant goes to each tent shouting "Turn out! Fall into ranks!" Each man jumps from his bed and falls into line with his company. The Sergeant calls the roll, each man present answering to his name. If absent without leave, he is punished by having to perform extra duty.

After roll call each man takes his broom, a bundle of willows, and helps to sweep the street of his own company. At 6 o'clock the drums beat the breakfast call, when we form and march in two files to the table, dividing on each side, each man taking his place designated by a double row of tin plates. The table is long enough for the whole company.

Provisions are good and fairly cooked, consisting, at various times, of bread, crackers, beans, potatoes, rice, pork, fresh beef, dried apples and peaches, coffee, tea, sugar and molasses.

After breakfast we are at liberty until 7 o'clock, when we fall into ranks for "guard mounting," when all who are detailed on guard duty for the day are marched to their posts. Two hours on and four off, during 24 hours, is the rule. This duty falls upon each of us about one day in the week. When the guards, usually about a dozen, are taken from the company, the remainder are dismissed until 10:30, then called together for drill until dinner is ready at noon. Again we are drilled from 1 to 3 and from 5 to 6, when we eat supper with sharpened appetites.

At 7 the drums beat "retreat," and we assemble for roll call, which is again called at 9, and 15 minutes later three heavy taps on the bass drum is the signal for all lights to be put out and everybody go to sleep.

Sept. 19, 1861—Recruits from various parts of the State have been arriving almost daily, and now the time has come to send organized regiments of drilled men to the front.

The 33d Ill., followed by the 28th Ill., marched out of camp today, destined for St. Louis. The men appeared to be in the best of spirits, not a sad face to be seen, and as they crossed the boundary line of camp a voice started the air of

"John Brown's body lies moldering in the tomb,
But his soul goes marching on."

At once all joined in and made the camp ring with the song, keeping time with a swinging step, passing from our view, as a comrade remarked, "in a blaze of glory."

This inspiring spectacle has filled us all with an impatient desire to do likewise, but we know nothing about when or where we will be ordered. Our Colonel says marching orders may come at any time to go East, West or South, wherever the War Department chooses to send us.

Sept. 20, 1861—If we prove to be as belligerent in the field as we are in camp we will be a terror to the enemy or ourselves. Our boys are worse than gamecocks for getting into quarrels, but not half so ready to come to blows, as confinement in the guard-house speedily follows such diversions. Every day there is a war of words somewhere in camp, but the parties usually separate, after threatening to shoot each other's head off, the very first battle we get into.

If these threats are carried out, the enemy need only start the battle and then retire to a place of safety, leaving us to fight it out between ourselves, like the Kilkenny cats, until we are exterminated, every fellow having his head blown off by his neighbor.

(To be continued.)

### Profits for Two.

(Milwaukee Sentinel.)

"I was standing in the lobby of the Auditorium in Chicago," remarked ex-Congressman P. J. Somers over in the Plankinton lobby yesterday, "talking with Senator William E. Mason, when a tramp-ish-looking fellow came rushing in and, addressing him, said:

"'Billy, lend me $10; I have a chance to make $3 in 15 minutes.'

"Billy went down in his trousers and fished up a $2 and a $1 note and passed them over to the man.

"'I want $10 to make the deal,' remarked the man, as he stretched forth his hand for additional financial aid.

"'You said you could make $3, didn't you?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, you've made $3 and I'm $7 ahead. See?'

"The man saw the point and regretfully withdrew."

"Fo' mahself, I like turkey better'n chicking," said the first deacon. "So do I," said the second deacon rather absent-mindedly; "but we mus' be satisfied wif whatever we find in de coop."—Arkansaw Thos. Cat.



## GEN. GEO. H. THOMAS'S SWORD.

**Gift From Neighbors That His Implacable Sisters Retained.**

Richmond (Va.) Times.

It is not generally known to Virginians that the two sisters of Gen. George H. Thomas, the distinguished Union commander, are still living at the old family seat in Southampton County, Va., in the house in which he and they were born. Miss Judith, the elder of the sisters, is now nearly 90 years old; her sister, Miss Anne, is probably 10 years her junior. The plantation is worked by tenants, and the rentals enable the ladies to live in a comfortable manner. Each of the women is a fine type of the womanhood of Virginia. Those who have visited them in the old home come away admiring the sweet and stately courtesy of the ladies, but saddened by the pathos of their lives.

To his sisters Gen. Thomas died on that April day when he decided to fight with the enemies of his State. He was appointed to West Point from Virginia, of course, and his bravery and skill in the war with Mexico had won him a splendid sword, presented by the people of his county. In the Spring of 1861, probably after Virginia had seceded, he wrote his sisters of his determination to remain in the service of the United States. They, loyal to their State and their section, were horrified at what they regarded as nothing but blackest treason. A sharp correspondence ensued.

Finally Gen. Thomas asked his sisters to return to him the sword which the County of Southampton had voted him for the gallantry which he, as a young Lieutenant, had displayed in the war with Mexico. Being unmarried when the sword was presented to him, he had sent it home for keeping. The reply which his sisters sent to him when he wrote for his sword is said by a kinsman familiar with its contents to have been one of the most scathing pieces of sarcasm he had ever read. To the reader of today its pathos must be its feature.

The ladies wrote acknowledging the receipt of Maj. Thomas's letter, requesting the sword of their brother. The letter stated that they once had a brother, but that he had proved himself a traitor and was then dead; that his sword was the only memento which they had of their once brave and loyal brother, and they therefore wished to keep it as a token of his bravery and fidelity in life.

The sisters never received a reply to this letter. They never again communicated with their brother. The neighbors used to marvel at the news which came telling of the daring and skill of Thomas, but they soon learned to refrain from mentioning anything of Gen. Thomas to his sisters. The manner in which they kept up the fiction that their brother had died when he drew his sword against the State was pathetic, but absolutely consistent. Sometimes when his name was mentioned they involuntarily manifested anger. Generally when some visitor who did not know the tragedy in the lives of the two women alluded to the career of their brother and the fame he was acquiring as a soldier they would reply that there was some mistake; that they had no brother; that a brave brother had died when Virginia seceded from the Union, on the 17th day of April, 1861.

The persistency with which the sisters denied that their brother was still in life was most remarkable. They could not be trapped even into admitting that they had a brother. Immediately after the war, while Virginia was a military district, some Union officers stationed at Petersburg probably, learned that the sisters of Gen. Thomas, living in Southampton, were in destitute circumstances as a result of the ravages of war. The officers, one of whom at least had known Thomas at West Point, had an army wagon loaded with household supplies and accompanied it to the home of the sisters. The ladies received them with stately courtesy, but with icy coldness. The officers, after a few words by way of introduction, informed the ladies that their brother, Gen. Thomas, was a very dear friend, and they had been at West Point with him and would be delighted to show them some kindness as a token of their friendship.

The reply came without hesitation. The ladies assured the soldiers that they had no brother. The officers insisted, but to no avail. The ladies persisted to the last that their brother was dead.

Nonplussed, the officers finally told the ladies they understood they had suffered greatly by the war, and so had made bold to bring them some supplies. Now, as a matter of fact, the larder of the Thomas household was almost absolutely bare, like the majority of Virginia pantries at the close of the war. But the ladies had no idea of accepting gifts from the enemy. They thanked their visitors, but assured them they stood in need of nothing. So the officers, who had visited the Misses Thomas with the commendable intention of relieving the needs of the family of their fellow-soldier, had to return, baffled by the sternest want.

A Confederate soldier from Southampton, who surrendered with Johnston in North Carolina, had the greatest difficulty in reaching home. Somebody gave him transportation to a town in Tennessee. Upon reaching that point the soldier found himself unable to proceed further, except on foot, as he had not a cent and could not get the permit for free transportation on the railroads. Just when he was on the point of starting to tramp to his far-away Virginia home, he chanced to learn that Gen. Thomas was stationed in the place. He had known Gen. Thomas before the war, and while he knew that he had refused to fight for his State, and had fought hard against her, the soldier relied upon the Virginian love of his people and his home, and determined to ask Gen. Thomas to help him to get back to their old Southampton.

He had some difficulty in gaining an audience with the commander, but when word was sent in to Gen. Thomas that the man who wanted to see him was from Southampton it was but a minute until the ragged and tired Confederate stood in the presence of the great General. Gen. Thomas received the soldier most kindly and expressed great pleasure at being able to supply him with transportation back to Southampton.

When the soldier got home he made it a point to call on the Misses Thomas to tell them of having seen their brother and of his kindness. Naturally he thought they would be glad to hear from him. But the reverse was true. Indeed, the scene was a stormy one for a few minutes, the ladies declaring that they had no brother and that they never wanted the name of Gen. Thomas mentioned in their presence.

Gen. Thomas's sword now reposes in the collection of one of the historical societies of this city, having been presented to the society about a year ago by the sisters, who wished it preserved after their death, and did not wish the task committed to the descendants of the man who had won it by his valor.

### Some Queer Cats in Maine.

Down in Maine they have some queer cats. A Portland woman owns a striped tabby that cries for hot water and is not appeased until a saucer of water as hot as any one could drink is poured out for her. The cat has been drinking hot water for six weeks and seems to thrive upon it. How she acquired the habit no one knows.

A Biddeford man has a two-legged cat that he raised from a kitten. Tom is big and has a beautiful black coat but was born without fore paws. On the right shoulder a small bone protrudes and on the left there is a small stub. The cat walks erect and goes about with ease, not seeming to mind his deformity.

A Bar Harbor cat fancier says there is great profit in raising coon cats so-called if one has good luck to help out tireless industry in caring for the animals, but that it does not pay to attempt to raise them on a large scale. Until a year old coon cats are very delicate and subject to many diseases, such as pneumonia, fits, spasms, and dysentery, and more die than survive. Seal brown and pure white cats are most prized, and the man who can raise to maturity any considerable number of these colors is sure of big profits.

## ROUGH RIDING.

(Continued from first page.)

we rig up an extra wagon-cover as a windbreak on the windward side of the cook fire.

I believe soldiers are always hungry—it seems to be their natural condition—and eat heartily of everything they can get that is eatable, and a great many things that nice folks would not consider "fit for a hog to eat." But nothing phazes the average soldier; when he hasn't anything cooked he makes a hearty meal on raw bacon, hardtack and water.

Nowadays it is considered imprudent—even dangerous—to eat any kind of hog meat that is not thoroughly cooked, on account of the danger of contracting that horrible, incurable disease, called "trichinosis," which comes from diseased pork; but this malady was certainly unknown in those days—at least, I never heard then of it, and never heard of a soldier contracting any disease from eating raw pork, though we often ate heartily of it.

A JOKE ON HAGAN.

As I have before stated, Pat Hagan, the gambler, had a peculiar weakness, an uncontrollable horror of hostile Indians. At a camp on Rabbit Ear Creek one evening our tents were pitched facing a little grove of trees with a thick undergrowth of bushes, through which ran the little creek.

As I was sitting on my blankets near the tent door I noticed Pat start down a path through the bushes just in front of me with a camp kettle in his hand, evidently going for water for the cook; and as he peered cautiously into the thick underbrush on each side of him, seeming to expect an Indian to spring upon him at every step, I could not resist the temptation to play a joke on him; so, picking up a small boulder that lay near, and waiting till he had stooped down to dip up his kettle of water, I sent it rushing down the hill through the bushes right alongside of him. It had the expected effect.

Pat's imagination, already strained to the highest degree, magnified the noise made by the rushing stone into a real bloodthirsty savage reaching out for his scalp; and with a wild yell he dropped the camp kettle and came scrambling up the bank, yelling at every jump, "Indians! Indians! Help! Help!" swearing as he reached the tents that an Indian had actually had hold of him, and that he had shaken him off and made his escape.

The boys all rushed out with carbines and pistols, and soon surrounded the little grove, determined that the Indians, one of whom Pat was so sure he had both seen and felt, should not get away.

I being the only one who knew the actual state of affairs, fell back on my blankets, convulsed with laughter. One of the men, chancing to pass the tent door and noticing my hilarity, demanded the cause of such unseemly mirth, and as soon as I could control myself sufficiently to explain, he called out to the others, "Come back, boys; it's only a joke Peck's been playing on Pat," and they soon returned to camp.

But it was hard to persuade Pat that he had not been attacked by a real "hostile." The boys all voted that, as a punishment for causing a false alarm, I should be sentenced to carry all the water for the cook at this camp, which I did, much to Pat's relief, who still half-way believed there was an Indian in that thicket.

As we advanced on the plains we found the snow about two feet deep on the level and sometimes four or five deep in drifts. Our mules suffered for want of "roughness," having had no hay since leaving Fort Union, the snow covering all the dead grass, which is the usual substitute for hay on the plains.

When we happened to camp near timber or bushes, which are rarely found on this route, we would cut down small trees or brush for them to browse on. They are very fond of cottonwood bark, and will gnaw it off the trees and eat it with avidity, as also the twigs and small branches.

SIGNS OF THE KIOWAS.

Shortly after reaching the Cimarron River, and while traveling down it, our attention was drawn to a number of small spiral smokes rising away to the northwest near a body of timber. This we knew must be an Indian village, probably the Winter camp of our enemies, the Kiowas.

The smokes were so distinct that we imagined we could almost see the tops of their lodges, and the camp was probably about 10 or 12 miles away, to our left and rear, northwest.

While looking in the direction of the supposed Indian village we noticed a single mounted man riding toward us as rapidly as he could travel through the snow. We halted a little while to wait for him. He proved to be a big buck Indian, and from certain indications of features, dress and equipments we were pretty sure he was a Kiowa, though he claimed to be a Comanche.

He wanted to trade for some cartridges for a Colt's Navy revolver, which he had strapped around his waist; just such a pistol as the ones we carried. He knew that it would not be healthy for him to acknowledge being a Kiowa, and that we would never sell or trade cartridges to an enemy; but if he could pass himself on us for a Comanche, with which tribe we were at peace, he would be safe, and might effect a trade.

A TELL-TALE TRINKET.

He first showed some silver coins, which he offered in exchange for the desired ammunition, and this failing he produced from within his blanket a gold locket—one of those old-fashioned trinkets usually used to contain the portraits of man and wife—and opening the case, sure enough there was the ambrotype of a man on the one side and a woman on the other, probably man and wife.

Here was a puzzle.

How had this Indian come into possession of a gold locket containing the pictures of a white man and his wife? It was quickly solved, however, for as soon as Cronly laid eyes on the pictures he exclaimed to me in an undertone:

"By ——, it's the man and woman we buried down on the Arkansas, that was murdered by the Kiowas a few weeks ago.

And calling my attention to that peculiar facial blemish known as "hare lip," which marked the woman's features, he declared he would know her by that.

He had previously told me, when relating the finding of the murdered family, that the woman was so marked.

The Indian seemed a little uneasy at our apparent interest in the locket, but to keep from alarming him we suppressed our excitement and talked in low tones. Some of the men, to distract his attention, pretended to want to trade him some cartridges for a buffalo robe which he had wrapped around him, and as he seemed keenly anxious to obtain the ammunition, he readily entered into negotiations.

While this was going on Cronly and I pretended to be hunting up some cartridges to trade for the locket, and in doing so went around behind one of the wagons and showed the locket to Corp'l Newman, and Cronly told him what he knew about the identity of the murdered family; and we told Newman that this Indian was certainly one of the murderers, and it was our duty to either kill him or take him prisoner and carry him to Camp Alert to be disposed of as our commanding officer, Lieut. Bell, should deem proper.

Newman opposed our plan altogether. He argued that although no doubt the Indian was one of the murderous Kiowas, and richly deserved killing, it would be suicide in us to either kill him or carry him off a prisoner. As we were so near their camp they would soon miss him and by following his trail would find what had become of him, and would wreak a bloody vengeance on our party.

He said, much as he regretted it, we would have to let him go, but under no circumstances must we harm him, nor let him have any cartridges.

This exasperated Cronly and me and we called the Corporal a coward, and declared our intention of killing the Indian and taking the chances. Newman threatened us with court-martial and all sorts of punishment when we got to Pawnee Fork if we persisted in our plans, and finally took the locket back to the Indian and told him that he could not have any cartridges, and to go back to his camp. Our communication with him had to be carried on in the Indian sign language, interspersed by a few Mexican words, as the Kiowas and Comanches all understand and talk Mexican. He did not seem to understand a word of English.

He started, riding slowly away, and then Cronly, Harrison and I held a hurried consultation out of Newman's hearing. He, believing that we had given up our plan to kill the Kiowa, had walked forward to the lead wagon to give orders to move on.

We quickly agreed on this plan:

We would call the Indian back, and promise him the cartridges, which he seemed so anxious to get. As soon as he came up near the wagons I would walk up to him and pretend to want to trade for his horse, and get hold of the bridle near the bit, so as to hang onto the horse and make sure that he did not get away and go back to his camp. Cronly and Harrison were to step out from behind the wagon as soon as I gave the word and shoot the Indian with a Sharp's rifle. If the first shot did not kill him, the other was to finish the work, while I made sure of the horse.

We came very near carrying this plan out. I had got a good hold of the Indian's bridle-bit and was about to give the signal to fire when Corp'l Newman, who had caught onto our project, came running back and took Cronly's rifle away from him. Seeing that our plan had been defeated, I released the Indian's horse, and the Kiowa, seeming now for the first time to realize his danger, turned, and applying his quirt, was soon out of our reach on the back track to his camp.

I sincerely believed that it was our duty to kill that Indian, and it was such a disappointment to me to see him riding away unmolested that it almost made me sick. I vented my anger on Newman, and although he was my superior officer, I cursed him for everything I could think of. And when he threatened to report me to Lieut. Bell, when we arrived at Pawnee Fork, I told him if he made such threats to me he would never get back to Pawnee Fork; and although this was only angry bluster, he acted like he was afraid I would execute my threat, and seemed very anxious to make friends with me all the balance of the trip.

I realized afterwards when I had cooled down how foolishly I had acted, and how very imprudent it would have been to have endangered the lives of the whole party by killing that Indian; but if I had been permitted to do so I would certainly have taken the risk.

I would have been reconciled to letting the Kiowa go at the time, if I had known, as I afterwards learned, that he was soon to meet his richly-deserved fate at the hands of a more proper avenger. But of that I will speak further on.

(To be continued.)

## MONEY IN GOATS.

**The Angora Thriving in the Southwest.**

At the rate at which the Angora goat is now securing a foothold in the West and the Southwest, the time is not far distant when the goat industry will take precedence over the business of cattle and sheep culture. Since 1849, when the first Angora goats were brought to this country by Dr. James B. Davis, of South Carolina, who received them as a present from the Sultan of Turkey, the goat has slowly but surely gained a standing among the industries of the West, until there are now many more than a million goats in Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, California, Idaho, Utah and Oregon.

Stockmen are awakening to the great possibilities in the Angora, and this at a time when the profits of raising sheep and cattle are on the decline. Almost every region of the West possesses the peculiar requisites for attaining the best results in raising Angora goats, and experts declare that the conditions in the mountainous regions of Arizona are almost identical with those of the Province of Angora, Turkey. The Summers are warm and dry and the Winters cold and wet, conditions which are conducive to the highest development of the goat, in flesh and fleece.

So great is the confidence in the future of the goat industry that a large amount of capital is being put into goats by Northern sheep growers. Several companies have been formed for the establishment of immense herds on the mountain ranges, and in several instances in which sheep have been excluded by the Department of the Interior from the forest reserves goats will be put in to graze.

One company, headed by James F. Perrin, formerly one of the largest sheep owners in the West, has secured the Cook range of 150,000 acres in the Mogollon Mountains and will put in 50,000 goats next Winter. As rapidly as he can secure the pure Angora stock he will add to the herds, and he intends to increase the company's land holdings until it has 200,000 or more acres and a herd of more than 100,000 goats, by far the largest goat ranch in the world.

Perrin has made extensive experiments with the goats in the past five years and is confident of better results than he has ever gained from the sheep business. The mohair, or wool, is worth twice as much as sheep wool, and the flesh is sweet, cleanly and healthful. The goats can browse and secure food in the rocky hills where sheep will not venture, and they are more hardy than sheep or cattle, being better able to stand the extremes of heat and cold.

The flesh of the young Angora is in many respects superior to lamb, and is in demand in Kansas City, Chicago and New York. In Kansas City, recently, a lot of Angoras brought 25 cents a head more than any sheep on the market at that time, and at no time has there been enough goat flesh to supply the demand. The Perrin Company intends to establish a dairy also.

### "Are" and "Is."

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In speaking of the United States we mean to imply the Union, or Government, of the United States, designating the collective form, as, a "herd of cattle," a "drove of sheep," etc. In speaking of a regiment of men, we speak of it as a body. We refer not to the numbers, but to the whole body. In speaking of the United States collectively, we should employ a term that will properly designate unit form or body; as, the Union or Government. Speaking of the United States, without reference to the Union or Government, we should employ the verb "are," same as "Southern States," "Northern States." But if used to designate a unit or singular form, there should be a term or name employed to designate the singular form. —WM. BARNEBEY, Millen, Neb.

### Both are Right.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: The question on grammar, which is correct, to say "the United States is," or "the United States are?" in my judgment they both are right. In the first place, the United States is the best country on earth; the United States is the most patriotic country; its citizens make the best soldiers and sailors in the world, and do not care to form an alliance with any other country. They are able to take care of themselves. The United States are not at present involved in a gigantic rebellion; if they were the Hon. H. Clay Evans could get more work enrolling soldiers to fight its battles than he can allowing 15 or 20 cents a day to the old patriots who fought the battles that saved the country, while he was having a soft job at a safe distance from the enemy.—W. O. GARDNER, Corporal, Co. A, 47th N. Y., Little Falls, N. Y.

### "Are" is Right.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: "The United States are" is right, for there are many States, single by themselves; therefore, there are a plural of States. Now a plural, says Webster, is any number more than one; so it does not seem proper to say "is" when we would express ourselves thus: The United States are able to whip the remainder of the world.—MASON L. WHITE, Greenfield, N. H.